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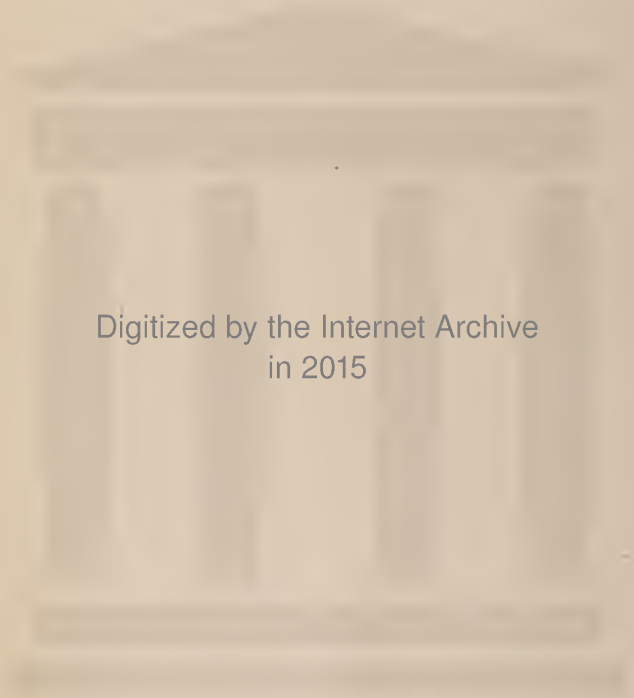

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WOMAN'S WORK

FOR

WOMAN.

VOLUME V.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church,
1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest,
Room 48, McCormick's Block, Chicago.

Mission House, 23 Centre Street, New York.

PRESS OF HENRY B. ASHMEAD,
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INDEX TO VOLUME V.

Abroad.

Extracts from Letters, 156, 192, 300, 334.

AFRICA.

Benita, Jones, Miss Lydia, 289.
Benita, Nassau, Miss I. A., 109, 30
Liberia, Priest, Mrs. Ann, 254.

BRAZIL.

Rio Claro, Dascomb, Miss M. P., 157.
Rio Claro, Kuhl, Miss Ella, 193, 300, 331.
San Paulo, Howell, Rev. J. B., 292.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, *Ching, Mrs. Tam*, 300.
San Francisco, Eyster, Mrs. Nellie, 154.
San Francisco, *Mong, Mrs. Loy*, 299.

CHINA.

Canton, Noyes, Miss H., 183, 293, 397.
Canton, Noyes, Miss M., 295.
Canton, Noyes, Rev. H. V., 253.
Canton, Shaw, Miss H. J., 82.
Canton, Training School for Women, 37.
Chefoo, Nevius, Mrs. J. L., 111, 327.
Hangchow, Dodd, Mrs. Samuel, 298.
Hangchow, Lyon, Mrs. D. N., 367.
Ningpo, 363.
Ningpo, Morrison, Mrs. W. T., 43, 401.
Ningpo, Sellers, Miss M. L., 6, 184, 296, 402.
Tungchow, Crossette, Mrs. J. F., 369.
Tungchow, Shaw, Mrs. James M., 181.

INDIA.

Allahabad, Holcombe, Mrs. J. F., 259.
Allahabad, Kellogg, Mrs. S. H., 156.
Allahabad, Seward, Miss S. C., M.D., 188.
Allahabad, Wilson, Miss M. N., 334, 371.
An Indian Trowel, 78.
Dehra, Craig, Miss M. A., 301.
Dehra, Herron, Rev. D., 405.
Etawah, Ullman, Rev. J. F., 46, 187.
Futtehgurh, Tracy, Mrs. T., 333.
Kolapoor, 217.
Kolapoor, Hull, Mrs. J. J., 192, 258.
Lahore, Newton, Mrs. C. B., 157.
Mynpuri, Hardie, Miss M. H., 185.
Mynpuri, Millar, Mrs. S. J., 46, 291.
Ratnagiri, Barker, Mrs. W., 403.
Rawal Pindi, Woodside, Miss, 150.
Sabathu, Janvier, Mrs. M. R., 7.
Saharanpur, Calderwood, Mrs. W., 406.
Woodstock, Bacon, Miss J. M., 8.
Woodstock, E., 257.
Woodstock, Scott, Miss A. E., 151, 222.

JAPAN.

Tokio, Carrothers, Mrs. C., 3, 113.
Tokio, Our Mission School in, 408.
Yokohama, Hepburn, Mrs. Dr., 80, 329.

MEXICO.

Mexico, Allen, Miss E. P., 9, 110.

PERSIA.

Oroomiah, Dean, Miss J., 301.
Oroomiah Girls' School, 332.

SIAM.

Aynthia, Carrington, Mrs. J., 1.
Bangkok, Bradley, Miss S. A., 373.
Petchaburi, Cort, Miss M. L., 43, 145, 224.
Petchaburi, Van Dyke, Mrs. J. W., 147.

SYRIA.

Sidon, Eddy, Mrs. W. W., 402.
Sidon, Items from Letters, 10.
Sidon, Pond, Mrs. T. S., 45, 149.
Sidon, Report of Girls' Boarding School, 255.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Spokan Falls, Cowley, Mrs. H. T., 152, 334.

WISCONSIN.

Odanah, Phillips, Miss H. N., 191.
Odanah, Verbeck, Miss S., 79.

At Home.

"And she left her Waterpot," 158.
Anniversary, Our Fifth, 53, 114.
Anxiliaries and Bands, 15, 53, 88, 123, 163, 199, 236, 272, 308, 346, 382, 418.
"Be it unto thee even as thou wilt!" 87.
Bringing the Tithes, 197.
California Branch, The, 306.
Changes, 122.
Children's Work for Children, 308, 381.
Cleveland, Presbyterial Society of, 304.
Concerning Money, 232.
Faith, 231.
Farewell of Mrs. W. W. Eddy, 263.
"Fern Leaf Mottoes," 270.
Good Example, A, 14.
Good News of Home Work, 198.
Good Result, A, 199.
Hallowed Place, A, 416.
Heart Questioning, 119.
Heavenly Secret, The, 50.
Home and Foreign, 302.
Leaflet for the Bands, 198.
Leaves of Healing, 52.
Letter from the West, 52.
Letter to *Woman's Work*, 411.
Life Members, 15, 54, 89, 123, 164, 200, 236, 272, 308, 346, 383, 418.
"Lord, increase our Faith!" 378.
Loring, Miss, From, 120.
Master is Come, The, 305.
Meeting, The Semi-annual, 272, 335.
Members in Particular, 194.
Missionaries, About Writing to, 307.
Missionaries, Departure of, 271.
Missionaries, New, 415.
Missionaries, *Woman's Work* to, 163, 235.
Missionary Box, The Contents of a, 269.
Missionary's Greeting, A, 196.
Missionary's Request, A, 417.
Monthly at Last, The, 11.
New Work, 266.
No Interest, 84.
Notices, 88, 235, 346, 377.
Oregon, The Work in, 160.
Other Man, The, 86.
Prayer Meeting, Our, 14, 379.
Prayers Answered, Are we Ready to have our, 303.
Prayer, Subjects for, 162, 230, 268.
Praying and Giving, 48.
Promise and a Request, A, 12.
Reality, 413.
Receipts, 16, 54, 89, 124, 164, 200, 236, 272, 308, 347, 383, 419.
Report, Fifth Annual, 122.
Report, Semi-annual, of the Foreign Sec., 337.

Report, Semi-annual, of the Home Secretary, 343.
Report, Semi-annual, of the Treasurer, 345.
Sisters on the Way, Our, 346.
Sisters, Our Other, 380.
Suggestions, A Few, 375.
There is Work for All, 161.
To those who want Rousing, 227.
Transfer, 382.
Treasurers of Auxiliaries, A Word to, 234.
"True-hearted, Whole-hearted," 13.
What She Could, 265.

Our Little Workers.

Allegheny, Two Circles in, 60.
Arab Woman, An, 94.
Ayah, The, 166.
California Christmas Tree, A, 58.
Chinese Girls in San Francisco, 131.
Chinese New Year, The, 275.
Grand Canal in China, On the, 239.
How One Band is Working, 24.
Kasor, 167.
Letter from among the Indians, A, 167.
Milk Seller of India, The, 274.
Missionary Nest, A, 60.
Murathi Woman, A, 310.
Saint John's Day in Brazil, 311.
Scene in Brazil, A, 22.
Seasons in India, The, 312.
Sunday-school in India, A, 203.
Tea Party in Japan, A Little, 202.
Water Carrier, The, 130.
What the Persians think of Earthquakes, 276.
Zenana, In a, 238.

Northwestern Department.

AFRICA.

Corisco, De Heer, Mrs. C., 206, 388.

BRAZIL.

Rio Claro, Dascomb, Miss M. P., 314, 390.

CHINA.

Chefoo, Downing, Miss C. B., 169.
Peking, McCoy, Rev. D. C., 98.

DAKOTA TERRITORY.

Yankton, Calhoun, Miss E., 25, 245.

INDIA.

Ambala, Bacon, Miss Julia M., 352.
Ambala, Morrison, Miss H. F., 241, 386.
Futtehgurh, Lucas, Mrs. J. J., 279.
Gwalior, An East Indian, 26.
Gwalior, Warren, Mrs. Joseph, 62, 385.
Rawal Pindi, Kelso, Mrs. A. D., 349, 423.
Woodstock, Notice of, 28.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Tallahassee, Robertson, Mrs. W. S., 281, 389.

JAPAN.

Tokio, Carrothers, Mrs. C., 277, 425.

MEXICO.

Mexico, Hutchinson, Mrs. M. N., 205.

PERSIA.

Oroomiah, Stocking, Rev. W. R., 100, 171.
Oroomiah, Thieves Buried Alive, 102.
Tabreez, Jewett, Miss Mary, 103, 133, 313, 387, 421.
Tabreez, Notice of Mission, 28.

SIAM.

Bangkok, House, Mrs. Dr., 28, 61.

WISCONSIN.

Odanah, Dougherty, Miss S. A., 97, 315.

HOME WORK.

Auxiliaries and Bands, 34, 71, 106, 143, 179, 215, 252, 286, 322, 360, 395, 431.
Auxiliaries, Reports of, 214.
Be Ye Cheerful, 319.
Bit of News, A, 65.
Bring all your Tithes, 357, 428.
Careless Daughters, 174.
Centennial, 426.
Centennial Offering, Our, 175.
Centennial, What are you doing for the, 251.
Christmas Suggestion, A, 395.
Consecration, 426.
Delightful Occasion, A, 358.
Encouragement, 64.
Enthusiasm a Talent, 32.
Examples Worthy of Imitation, 391.
Fair and Supper, A, 67.
Farewell Reception, The, 247.
Go and do Likewise! 29.
God's Plan, 29.
Happy New Year, The, 391.
Have you done it? 250.
Have you Renewed your Subscription? 430.
Influence of Missionary Work on the Young, The, 140.
"In the Morning sow thy Seed," 210.
Joy that may be Yours, The, 318.
"Let us not be weary in well doing," 212.
Life Members, 34, 71, 106, 143, 180, 215, 252, 286, 322, 360, 396, 431.
Link Prayer with Effort, 30.
Little Children, The, 178.
Lost Opportunity, The, 66.
Meeting, Annual, 71.
Meeting, Fourth Annual, 134.
Meeting, Presbyterial, 174.
Meeting, Synodical Missionary, of Michigan, 69.
Money and Salvation, 138.
Morrison, Miss Henrietta, 428.
Must we have a Special Object? 176.
New Work, 355.
Personal Responsibility, 209.
Practical Hints from India, 208.
Prayer asked for the Odanah Mission, 359.
Prayer Meeting, Our, 251.
Praying and Living, 246.
Rays of Light for the Younger Ones, 177, 213, 249, 287, 323.
Receipts, 34, 71, 107, 143, 180, 216, 252, 288, 322, 360, 396, 432.
Sabbath Thoughts, 356.
Serra, Letter from, 213.
"Sing unto the Lord a New Song," 137.
Small Gifts Willingly Offered, 31.
Take Heart! 104,
Thoughts for the Month, 284, 317, 354.
Vassar, Michigan, 429.
What is the Meaning? 68.
Why is it? 248.
Women and their Work, The, 394.
Work Bravely On! 64.
Work for All, A, 176.
Working Circle, It is a, 105.

Woman's Work for Woman.

Vol. V. NOVEMBER, 1875. No. 9.

Abroad.

AFRICA.—Benita.

Miss Lydia Jones.

This is Monday morning, washing-day. Visitors (natives) are here, purchases are being made, and an immense amount of work to do. I am writing at the breakfast-table while waiting for Miss Bella, who is too busy to come. Petizi has brought in some meat for the girls' food; as I gave it to Charles to cook, I asked, "What kind of meat is it?" "Ma," he answers, "it is monkey meat." The children eat it with relish. I have attended to this matter in the kitchen and returned, but now Miss Bella is deep in conversation with Majgambi. I must go and put a stop to it, or she will be faint for want of food.

That meal is at last over, and I am sitting in the matron's room with the children around me, some sewing, others learning lessons. Miss Bella is in another room with Etongelo, an elder of the Mbadi Church. She is repairing his coat on her sewing machine. Several persons are waiting in the *ekenga* to see us on various matters. There comes another visitor, a woman, dressed with five yards of cloth around her body, a straw hat on her head, brass rings on her legs, and three strings of beads around her neck. She holds a soup plate covered with a plantain leaf, and on uncovering it, I see a few small tomatoes and okras.

I have been summoned to the *ekenga* to hear a talk from one of our girls. These *palavers*, will they never cease? We have one every day. Miss Bella and myself try to keep out of them, but sometimes we must do what we can to settle the difficulty. The young men of Bolondo are considered quite attractive, and the girls, though betrothed to others, prefer and want them for husbands. Sometimes we are amused, but it is talk, talk, from early morning until late at night.

10 o'clock, P. M.—I have at last got to my room, too weary to write. My iron bedstead has been taken down, for it is broken in several places, and I must try to mend it and have it painted. I have a small bedstead borrowed from Gaboon, but my mattress is too large for it. I shall experiment on it, however, and if I roll out the front way, will fall on Lungi, a little black girl who sleeps in my room for company.

April 24.—Miss Bella has gone this morning across the river to settle a *palaver*. We need a gentleman at this station very much, and there is work enough for five ladies. Frequently the whole day, and most of the night too, is spent in working, thinking and planning. What with our smaller annoyances (to say nothing of heavier anxieties), such as mosquitoes, sand flies, lassitude and *palavers*, we both grow very weary sometimes.

My native teacher, though educated, does not know how to impart instruction, so I blunder along as best I can. I have had one pleasant experience. Dr. Nassau brought three young men (who spoke Mpongwe) from the river. They wanted "to see the

sea." I taught them several months, and found them so obliging and willing to learn that it was a pleasure. I made them coats of coarse white flannel (the only material I could get here), and they thought them splendid. They were the first coats I had ever made. I trust these young men will carry back to their countrymen some knowledge of the truth.

In all our troubles and difficulties God has been very good to us, and we have had health and strength sufficient for all our duties. Our house is pleasant, good and strong for fear of tornadoes, but we had a hard struggle to get it built.

INDIA.—Mynpurie.

MRS. S. J. MILLAR.

. . . FOR six weeks the thermometer at the coolest place in the house has ranged from 97° to 100°. The rains were from three to four weeks later than usual, and people were becoming alarmed lest we should have no harvest, as no seed could be put in the ground until the rains commenced; but, thanks to a kind Providence, we are now having some rain, although not nearly the usual supply. There has been much sickness in this part of India, and at present there is a great deal of cholera. In one village there were so many deaths from cholera that the friends could not bury or burn their dead, so the few who were left fled for their lives, leaving their worldly goods all behind them. The authorities burned the village, as the only way of purifying the spot.

The wife of the judge (who is the highest official in any ordinary station) has become much interested in my work, and has set one day of every week to visit my schools and zenanas. She has been in India for fifteen years, and never went into a native house or a heathen school until this year. It pleases the children and the people generally, as of course she is the *bará mem sahib* (the highest lady of the station).

Every time I go out I find my work increasing, more zenanas opening and more women telling me they wish to be taught. The difficulty is in not being able to gather a number in one house, as

they dare not leave their own houses. You can very easily see how much labor is required to teach any number separately. All agree that the Mahommedans are very bigoted, and you will appreciate my pleasure and surprise when, not long ago, a *Mah* of high social position called on me and said the female members of his house would be glad to see me, and that one was very anxious to learn to read. Upon my first visit I was much surprised to find that she had read the Koran, and was anxious to learn another character, so that she might read different books.

Some two months ago a woman from one of my schools offered herself for baptism, and said she had long believed in the Christian religion, and knew that the Hindu religion was only a system of trickery and deceit. She has not yet been admitted, as our good Mr. Johnson thinks it well to wait several months, but I pray and think she will be found sincere and faithful. This is indeed a blessed work, and I wish I could multiply myself indefinitely, as I find the work growing on my hands, and becoming very interesting and encouraging.

BRAZIL.—San Paulo.

REV. J. B. HOWELL.

. . . THE mother, though as well educated as the majority of the ladies of the first society in Rio, is a bigoted Catholic and exceedingly superstitious. Among the many images in her oratory, the one she prizes most is roughly made of very common clay and once belonged to one of her slaves. She, however, considers it a "miracle worker," and has great faith in its power to answer her prayers. Just before the old negro woman to whom it originally belonged died, she bequeathed this image of San Antonio to another negro. But after her death a different negro took a fancy to it, and carried it off, when, wonderful to tell, placing it on a table and going out for a few moments, upon her return she found it in fragments on the floor. This was immediately received by all as a proof that the image was offended because the wishes of its late owner were not complied with, and was unwilling to belong

to the person who carried it off. Its reputation as a miracle worker became immediately established, and the lady of the house carefully gathering up the pieces, glued them together again, and gave to the restored image the place of honor among the objects of her worship. She ascribed to the image feelings, power and will, all the elements of personality, and the idolatry was just as real and gross as that of any of the heathen in India or China.

There was also a picture of the Virgin in the oratory, to which she often appealed for help. On one occasion, being in great trouble on account of having lost her keys, she came to pray to the Virgin several times to enable her to find them, but meeting with no success, at last changed her tactics, and gave the Virgin a terrific scolding, calling her all sorts of names and charging her with ingratitude, &c. After this she immediately found her keys, and coming back said, "Oh, I knew you could help me if you only would: a little scolding once in a while does you good."

I could relate many more instances of the same sort, which are not exceptional, but fairly represent the class of women who profess to be religious, though there are many who, like their sons and brothers, are utterly skeptical, because they have lost faith in such fooleries, and know no other religion. There is a great and important work to be done among the women of Brazil. They would willingly place their daughters in our schools if we had the schools to which to invite them.

CHINA.—Canton.

MISS HATTIE NOYES.

You will be glad to know that our little flock is once more gathered together under the roof of our new school building. The dear girls are delighted to be in school again. Day before yesterday we opened the school. We had sent word several days before to the scholars to come on Wednesday, and Wednesday morning, before we had finished breakfast, four dear little girls made their appearance. They were soon followed by others, and before long nearly all were back again. We had a very interesting meeting

with them in the afternoon in Chinese. Fifty women and girls were present, and all seemed very happy and thankful. Four of those who led in prayer had received instruction in the first building, and their prayers were very earnest for the blessing of God upon the new building, that for many years it might be a place where many should learn the way of life and seek and find salvation.

In the evening the different members of our mission met in the school-house chapel. The services were in English, except in concluding, when Mr. Preston made some remarks in Chinese. How many times we wished that the dear ladies at home, who have enabled us so soon to replace our loss, could have met with us and joined in our song of thanksgiving!

The new building is very airy and pleasant, and so much like the former one as to make it seem home-like. After it was finished, while the walls and paint were getting dry, we improved the opportunity to go for a trip into the country. When we returned, our first impulse was to go out and see the school building, and I wish I could tell you how bright and cheerful it looked, and how happy it made us to feel that it was ready for use. Our good faithful servants during our absence had cleared away all the remaining traces of last winter's disaster. The little yard was carpeted again with fresh green grass, the summer sunshine and showers had given fresh life to the flowers, and the vine that had long seemed blighted had almost succeeded in covering the wall again with its former mantle of verdure. Everything appeared to share in the general rejoicing, and for the first time I felt that I could look back to last January without pain. During all these months there has been a sad sense of loss mingling with the pleasure of seeing the new building growing up to fill the vacant place, but that night I felt that I could turn away from the buried ashes of the past, and look forward without a single shadow of regret to mingle with the glad thankfulness of the present and the bright hopefulness of the future. It is very cheering, very gratifying, to us to know that the Canton school has found such a warm place in so many Christian hearts, and we cannot but feel assured that it will be blessed even more in the future.

FROM MISS M. NOYES.

. . . I cannot but feel that Jesus rewards us a hundred fold for any effort we put forth in His service. Could you see the needs of the heathen as those do who are constantly surrounded by thousands of them, I am sure the work would seem great, and the laborers few. This single city of Canton has a million inhabitants, and when we count the missionaries, we are constrained to exclaim, "What are they among so many!"

The last year was spent necessarily in the study of the language. Thus far I have enjoyed it much, except that it has been hard to be able to do so little where there was so much to be done. But they tell us this is one of the first trials of the missionary. I do not think this waiting time is lost, as it takes time to understand in any degree this people, and to find out the best methods of reaching them.

. . . The funds for the first building for our boarding school were given and sent forth in the spirit of prayer, and those prayers have been signally answered. Of the fifty who have received instruction since the institution was established, twenty have united with the church, and nine more would be very glad to do so, could the consent of parents and friends be obtained. Not a few have received much persecution on account of taking this step, but in no case, as far as we know, have they returned to the worship of idols. It is very hard to see them go to their homes to suffer for Christ's sake, and know that we have no power to help them; but our dear Saviour loves them far more tenderly than we can, and He will not permit His own to be tempted above what they are able to bear.

The work among the women in Canton is constantly growing in interest. We have now eight Bible women in regular employ, going out five days of each week, visiting from house to house, reading the Scriptures, and explaining this "new doctrine" as they have opportunity. Each Saturday morning they have a meeting here, when they give some account of what they have done during the week, report the number of families they have called

upon, the number of persons conversed with, &c., &c. They thus prove a help and encouragement to each other, and go out with new energy for the labor of the coming week. Could you come into some of their morning meetings, I feel assured that you would enjoy them very much indeed.

Although it is not yet a year since we had but a single woman acting in this capacity, the fruits have already begun to appear. Eight have entered the church, apparently through the efforts of these individuals. It is a pleasant sight to see one and another coming into the Sabbath morning services, bringing some one with them to hear the gospel. Eight years ago there could not be gathered a company of six who would be willing to come to church, while now our audience will average sixty or eighty, and often at our communion service two hundred or two hundred and fifty will assemble.

It will not be long before we may hope for a large supply of native Christian helpers, and I feel that they will have greater influence with their heathen sisters than the missionary can have; but they will need direction and superintendence. The membership of the church with which we are connected has increased from thirty to one hundred and forty-three within a period of two years. Have we not great reason for encouragement? I do feel that light is beginning to dawn upon these darkened homes, and that we have come in the reaping time.

CHINA.—Ningpo.

MISS M. L. SELLERS.

. . . IT does strengthen and encourage us to receive words telling of the earnest hearts laboring and praying for us at the fountain, while we are bearing the water of life to thirsting, dying souls in this idol-scorched land. The very knowledge of the prayers breathed in that "upper room" makes us stronger. Although that hour of noon is our midnight here, we remember it before going to rest, and feel the better prepared for the coming day's duties.

The work progresses. There are still "some droppings," though not the outpouring of the Holy Spirit for which we have prayed. Our class for inquirers is very encouraging. Every week some of the women from Mrs. Morrison's class in the city come. This (Monday) is the evening for them, but the rain will prevent, and they will come on Wednesday evening. Several of these women are very much interested; last week another one expressed a desire for baptism. I presume you know of those who have lately united with the church. Five of our school girls are in the class, and oh, how we pray that they may be life-giving lights, going out among their sisters! Our girls have much *human nature*, yet give promise of good work in the future, and I am learning to love them very much.

We spent two days of last week in the country, and all came back refreshed. You know how pleasant it is to exchange the city for the country for a few days in the beautiful spring-time, but the change from a Chinese city means a great deal more. Leaving behind us the filth, the dank odors, the atmosphere which is never pure, at 9 A. M. we found ourselves housed in a boat, quietly sailing along one of China's many canals. At 2 P. M. we left the boat, and sometimes walking, sometimes riding in chairs, at 4 P. M. we reached our destination, the old temple of Sin-whô-en, among the hills. There we drank such draughts of nature's beauty that at times our soul cried out, "Enough."

There was much of our own beautiful scenery, to which was added a rich profusion of rarely beautiful flowers. High hills, with thousands of graceful undulating peaks, curves and sharp ridges, many of whose straight edges were more clearly defined by a soft fringe of bamboos, with their faint fairy-like tracery waving and floating in the clear soft atmosphere; and down the steep, narrow gorges, with their rocky beds and sides, was one continuous, murmuring, sparkling, sprinkling, weirdly musical chain of waterfalls. Not high and grand, mighty and thundering, but laughing, dancing, sprinkling the bending ivy, defying the lovely network of vines, dripping through rocky crevices, falling into mossy beds, kissing the clustering wisteria or bright-hued azalia

as they stooped to drink, just in time to fall over another miniature precipice. But the crowning beauty of the spring-time is the flowers,—the flowers that paint the hillsides, festoon the rocks and throw their shadows across the crystal streamlet. Without seeing, you cannot imagine the rich profusion of flowering trees of many kinds. Wisteria, rhododendrons, with as many as fifty-five large flowers on one pedicel, azalias of many shades of scarlet, with many others more humble though not less beautiful, vines and ferns all aiding in the pattern of nature's exquisite carpet. Beautiful, beautiful flowery land! Every fibre of our æsthetic nature is drawn to its utmost tension; but how does the spiritual quiver and droop when we think that in the midst of all this beauty, "only man is vile!" Every hill, rock, tree and flower praising its Creator; in the temple, *man* bowing down to wood and stone! How long, oh God, how long!

I love Mrs. Morrison and her dear children more and more each day. Home will be a blank when they are gone. The Father alone is ever left, the only One I really know in China, and He is *all—all!*

CHINA.—Hangchow.

MRS. SAMUEL DODD.

. . . I VERY gladly do my part to further the good cause, but cannot promise to continue writing unless I can know that my letters have been received. . . .

The work among the women is quite as encouraging as any we have, and as to visible results, we have had as much to encourage us here as in Ningpo, the only field with which I am as well acquainted as with our own. What I do is done almost entirely through my Bible reader. She visits daily from house to house when the weather will permit, and is well received. She has on her list ten women who are anxious to hear, and whom she visits regularly. One of these is an applicant for baptism, and another has commenced to attend our Sunday services. Mrs. Shu, who was the first ingathering, was baptized about a year and a half

ago, and Mrs. Seng was baptized at our last communion. The latter is upwards of sixty years old, and first heard of the true God from our Bible reader six years ago. It is about three years since she began to pray to Him, and was soon after led to trust in the merits of Christ for salvation. She has a stall where she sells cakes, and it was a long time before she could see that it was wrong to sell on Sabbath morning. She said she did no work, as the cakes were prepared the day before. We are now, however, very much rejoiced that she has given up selling on Sabbath days, and has for some months, so far as we can see, led a consistent Christian life. We would be very glad to have one or two more Bible readers, but we have not been able to find suitable women. Mrs. Lyon has been wanting to establish a girls' school, but has not yet secured a teacher.

It is indeed encouraging to know that you have a special time when you bring us and our work to God, beseeching upon us and it His special blessing. May our Father, for Jesus' sake, help you in your good work!

CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MRS. LOY MONG.

"You will be glad to learn that we have instituted a little female prayer meeting at our various houses. We have had three; the first at Mrs. Tam Ching's, the second at Mrs. Ching Yuen's and the third at our house. We hold the meetings on the same day as the meetings for the industrial class, at one o'clock P. M. At the meeting at our house we had seven women and three children present, besides our friends Mrs. Condit and Mrs. Knox. Most of the exercises were in Chinese. First there was a prayer by myself, then a song in English, 'We praise thee, O God;' then a chapter in the Bible read by Mrs. Tam Ching; then a song in Chinese, led by Mrs. Bah Qui and Mrs. Chin Tung, 'Come, sing to me of heaven;' then a prayer by Mrs. Tam Ching, followed by a short exhortation from the same lady, winding up with 'The Happy Land,' in English, and the doxology in Chinese.

"We hope to induce many more of our countrywomen to join with us in these pleasant little meetings, and we hope that more and more of our countrymen and women will come to hear the gospel and believe in the true God. I am anxious to have more women come to the Home, and I think it would be a good idea to find some little girls who might be trained up to usefulness there."

From Report of Mrs. Tam Ching.

"Yun Ti, a woman living in the house, has come into family prayers every morning, and shows some interest. The day of the picnic at Woodward's gardens five new women were brought in to see me by a woman who a long time ago had heard the gospel from me. They spent more than an hour talking about the gospel. They saw two pictures on the wall; one was 'God bless our Home,' and the other scenes in Christ's life. They asked me what they were, and I told them about Jesus' life and how He blessed our home.

"Man Ho, an old woman who knew Mrs. Condit, and had been taught by her long ago, came to ask me why we had such a nice home and did not have any idols.

"I think fifty women have been told of Jesus in two months. Many say if they had time they would come to all the meetings.

"Two women on Jackson street called on me on their way home from a visit to the Mission House They said they would always like to live at the Mission House, and asked if they might come and stay all day with me, bringing their sewing, to hear the gospel."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Miss Kuhl writes from Rio Claro, Brazil: "Again we have cheering news to send you. Christ, the living bond of fellowship between God and man, is glorifying Himself among the idolators of Brazil. Twenty-four more have professed their faith in Christ and been baptized. Pray that they may be strong Christians. . . .

We have had a visit from Donna Adelaide, of San Paulo, who is connected with Mr. Chamberlain's school. In spite of the opposition of friends, she has recently professed her faith in Christ.... Pray that the Spirit may be poured out on the people of this city, that superstition and darkness may flee before the light of truth."

Miss Craig, from Dehra, India: "It is very gratifying to know that the Dehra school has so large a place in the affections and prayers of so many noble workers at home. God is constantly answering your prayers and ours in blessings on the school, sometimes by prosperity, sometimes by afflictions, but through it all we see His hand leading, guiding, sustaining and supporting, increasing our numbers and providing for our increased necessities."

Miss Dean, who is at home in search of health, writes: "I am constantly thinking, if I do not express it, 'Oh, how beautiful is this country!' It forms a strong contrast to the dry plains and barren mountains of Persia, but a still stronger contrast I see in the people of the two countries. As I glanced over the congregation last Sabbath, and saw the look of intelligence on the various faces, I thought, 'Would that each one here had an audience of Persian men or women to whom to tell the blessed truths of the gospel!' And still there would have been thousands left with no one to give them the light.

"Many of the people of Persia seem very anxious to hear the truth. They do not at once receive the good seed into their hearts, but we must keep sowing, and praying that all may fall into good ground. Much seed has taken root, but with what care and patience must we water and watch it till it bears fruit. The Nestorians, who have been so long dependent, cannot work independently, but must be closely superintended; then they are good workers. I have been in Persia only seven years, but my interests seem almost entirely centered there."

Miss Nassau, from Benita, W. Africa: "Our frame addition to the bamboo house makes a very comfortable home. It is at last completed, though not painted. My organ is recovering its voice, and I am again delighted. We have a nice little school for girls, and Miss Jones is a very successful teacher."

At Home.

HOME AND FOREIGN.

By Clara F. Guernsey.

It is very frequently said that missions should not be attempted abroad until all at our own doors are reformed, elevated and made perfect citizens and perfect Christians. Over and over again the existence of wickedness and irreligion at home is triumphantly pointed out, and every one who desires that the gospel should be preached in the frontier states, in India or Persia, is bidden to attend to the unchristianized multitudes at their own doors.

Now, in the first place, the promoters of foreign missions are generally workers at home. In one city we are quite sure that the women who are working and praying for India, Persia, Mexico and the Pacific States are also busy with the hospital, the orphan asylum, the sick poor, the Old Ladies' Home, the mission Sunday-school and the care of their sick neighbors. One I know who, growing wearied of the often-repeated sneer, now enters into no argument, but agrees cordially with the objector's zeal for "home objects," and asks for money to get flannel petticoats for one and another poor old woman of her own church or neighborhood, or shoes for some little one in the mission school. I do not know that she has ever received any money, but I do know that she has silenced the objector.

But in the second place, granting that this objection is sincere, as it often is, and not a mere excuse for not giving, is it valid or reasonable? The irreligious at our own doors *do* have the gospel preached to them, and if they will they can listen. Many are the faithful ones working in the home field whose good works no newspaper reporter chronicles, whose trials are known only to God, who are baptized with the baptism of their Master, and taste the cup of His sorrow when men will not come to Him that they may have life.

The ungodly abroad, the Hindoo, the Burman, the degraded, oppressed Nestorian, the Egyptian fellah, the cannibals of the Pacific, cannot have the gospel unless it is sent to them; and must the East and the Isles of the Sea lose all chances of hearing the good news until all drinking saloons are shut at home, until all who willfully turn from the Lord are won to Him? If that system had been followed out, we ourselves should yet be offering sacrifices to Thor and Odin, or slaying or being slain on Druid altars, for certainly history gives us no ground to conclude that all Rome and Africa was perfectly righteous when the first Christian missionaries went to Germany and Britain. Had that system been followed out, Paul would never have gone to the Gentiles; and to go one step farther, our Lord Himself would never have begun His ministry until the millennium had been realized in Galilee, and until the brethren who had had His example before them for thirty years had become believing saints.

ARE WE READY TO HAVE OUR PRAYERS ANSWERED?

"For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him." (1 Sam. i. 27.) These are the words of a woman who believed in prayer, who acknowledged the answer given to her petition, and who was ready to meet the responsibility the answer laid her under. Are we not sometimes frightened at the answers to our prayers for the success of the gospel in heathen lands? What, then, mean the open doors which we are *not* entering?—what the want of funds adequate to the efficient carrying on of this rapidly-growing work?—what the unanswered cry for helpers to go and relieve our sisters fainting at their posts, or the withholding by Christian parents of their daughters from the foreign missionary service? Would it not have been as justifiable in Hannah to have withheld the sustenance and care of the child for which she prayed, and her devotion of it to the service of the Lord, as it is for us to withhold our full and cordial support of this foreign missionary work, when God has given us our petitions for

its success and enlargement? Let us meet the obligations which follow the answer to our prayers.

PRESBYTERIAL SOCIETY OF CLEVELAND.

THE Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Cleveland have the pleasure of reporting two new auxiliaries this quarter. One, in Grafton, was organized early in June, soon after the meetings of General Assembly. Their numbers are few, but the tone of the first letter of their secretary, inclosing the gatherings of their first quarter and their report, is hopeful, and shows that the work lies very near her heart.

The other, at Brecksville, organized September 1st, has begun right, and cannot fail to be an intelligent working society. Their first step was to solicit subscribers to *Woman's Work;* twenty-five copies were secured before the formation of the society, which is a large number for the size of the church. Would that all our societies showed the same zeal in diffusing missionary information! They were favored with the presence of Mrs. Horace Benton, of Cleveland, one of our earnest missionary workers from the M. E. Church, who read an able and instructive paper upon woman's part in the foreign missionary cause.

Rev. J. A. Skinner, of this city, to whom our churches owe a debt of gratitude for his efficient efforts in the formation of Women's Foreign Missionary Societies, was also present, and spoke feelingly of the wants and woes of heathen women and children, and of the duty of the Christian women of America to send them the gospel.

The President of the Presbyterial Society assisted in the organization, and read some interesting letters from our own and other missionaries.

Thus here and there the little beacons are being lighted which shall multiply and gather brightness till the darkness of heathenism shall flee away, and the entrance of that Word which giveth light shall illumine every dark corner of the earth.

H.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE MASTER IS COME.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Suggested by the death of Miss Seelye.

"The Master is come, and He calleth for thee."
Sweet words! and they drew her far over the sea;
Far over the sea, to a land of despair,
Where Jesus is not in their temples of prayer.

In life's bloom of summer, life's fullness of youth,
She parted from dear ones for love of the truth;
For love of His name who had made her His own,
Who died, and revived, and is now on the Throne.

Her one precious vase, rich with fragrant perfume,
She broke for her Lord in those regions of gloom,
Where woman sits dumbly, by sorrow oppressed,
Nor hears the one voice that speaks healing and rest.

How tender and trustful her faith in His word!
How steady the poise of her spirit, unstirred
By storms as they drifted, by quivering fears;
A soul that took hold on the infinite years.

Her work seemed not ended, but only begun;—
Who dreamed that so nearly her labors were done
When she saw a fair vision, our eyes could not see,
And heard a low summons, "He calleth for thee?"

"And wherefore this waste?" is the cry of our grief,
Why take her, ere yet she had bound the rich sheaf,
Ere yet in the vineyard her song had grown still?"
Ah, patience! we know not the depths of His will.

The dusky-browed sisters she loved to the end,
Have wept o'er her grave, as we weep for a friend;
And sorrow hath fallen in homes that were bright
With her beautiful presence, through childhood's delight.

Yet who shall repine? Nay, who cometh to take,
The place she has left, for the Master's dear sake?
Who, hearing the whisper, "He calleth for thee,"
Will rise as she did, saying, "Master take me?"

THE CALIFORNIA BRANCH.

By Mrs. I. M. Condit.

I HAVE just returned from a visit to San José and Santa Clara. I met many of the ladies connected with our auxiliaries in each place, and can say that they are thoroughly in earnest in the woman's work. San José has a model Sunday-school superintendent. He looks after the band collections with as much regularity as he does after the Sunday-school collections. His book, too, shows the name of every band, with its appropriate teacher, and scholar's name attached to the amount of their contributions. At the end of the year he says he shall be able to give me a report of everything connected with the bands Now, don't you think he is a model superintendent? The mission work under Mrs. Carey is most encouraging. Everywhere she goes, she is welcomed. I accompanied her in her visits through the Chinese quarters, on one of her visiting days. She has eight women, and one bright little boy, whom she teaches regularly. One lesson given to a young girl of fourteen was very interesting. Perhaps you would like me to repeat the lesson, that you may know what kind of teaching such a girl could receive. It was as follows:

"Who made you, little ones?
The great God made us.
He made the bright sun;
And the pale moon too;
And grass for the cattle;
And all the pretty birds;
And even the little flies.
Oh, how great He is!"

She read these words from the large card, quite as well as I could do it. Her inflections of voice were good, and many times her manner indicated some just apprehension of the meaning of what she read—I mean the *spiritual* meaning of it But Mrs. Carey has no hope that she has passed from darkness into the light. Pray that her eyes may be opened to the light of the gospel.

Santa Clara, too, is doing nobly. The band of dear little ones

whom I met last year in the Treasurer's parlor, and told how much their little labors were needed, have recently had a "spelling match," from which they realized quite a neat little sum.

I was invited to meet the Brooklyn bands a few weeks since, and they, too, are quite enthusiastic. They are making a quilt for our Home.

In your list of *special objects* for prayer, do not forget our societies and bands. We need your prayers that, as we labor together for the Lord, we may also be baptized anew with the Holy Spirit.

ABOUT WRITING TO MISSIONARIES.

THE May number of *Woman's Work* contained an extract from a home letter written by Miss Everett of Beirut Seminary, which I will quote for the benefit of those who may not have read that number of the magazine.

"If you or any one else among my old friends ever get troubled in spirit because you have no missionary work to do, just sit down and write a letter to me, and to every other friend or acquaintance you have on foreign missionary soil. This is my advice to every friend who really loves the mission cause."

I read and reread this extract. My health is one great obstacle in the way of my becoming a missionary, and my daily occupation is such that I cannot attend missionary meetings. Here was something I might do. I doubted my ability to do good as a letter writer, but from a missionary's standpoint I was told that a letter from me would be of some comfort, some assistance. I had one thing in common with all to whom I might write, a love for the Master and His work in a foreign field. So with a prayer that my letters would accomplish what He would have them, I wrote to some ladies under the care of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. I know nothing concerning these letters save as they regard myself, but they have been a means of growth to me in many ways. I have a more ready sympathy with the workers abroad, and interest in their work, than formerly, and

China, India and Japan are *places* to me as they never were before. I feel so abundantly repaid for the letters I have written that I want others to share a similar blessing. C.

We expect to issue the first number (January) of our magazine for young people, Children's Work for Children, in the course of a month. The terms, including postage, are 50 cents a year, or 40 cents in clubs of 10 or more. One copy each of *Woman's Work* and *Children's Work*, $1. Specimen copies sent upon application.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

AUXILIARIES.

Dayton, Ohio.
Princeton, Lawrence Co., Pa.
Redstone, Pa., Presbyterial Society of Presbytery of, Uniontown, Pa.

BANDS.

Philadelphia, Pa., R. C. C. Band, Alexander Church.
Zanesville, Ohio, Whipple Mem. Band, Putnam Church.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Ayrault, Mrs. B.
Clark, Mrs. John
Corwith, Miss Carrie H.
Cunningham, Mrs. Robert.
Halsey, Miss Jennie C.
Herrick, Miss Emily L.
Howell, Mrs. Mary B.
Imbrie, Rev. C. K., D.D.
Imbrie, Mrs. E. M.
Miller, Mrs A. E.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from Sept. 1, 1875.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BELLEFONTAINE. — Bucyrus Aux., sup. Bible Reader Shanghai, ... $40 00
BLAIRSVILLE. — Braddock's Aux., ... 21 00
BUTLER.—Concord Aux., . 25 34
CHESTER.—Oxford Aux., . 50 00
CINCINNATI.—Mount Auburn Aux., sup. Miss'y, Tungchow; $112 50; 3d Ch., Mrs. R. Brown, sup. Tea. Training sch., Saharanpur, $57 12, 169 62
DAYTON.—Dayton Aux., sup. Missy', Rio Claro, . 80 83
ELIZABETH.—Summit Band, support Dujy, Dehra, $20; Elizabeth Aux., A Lady, for Mr. Hutchinson's work, Mexico, *special*, $10, . . $30 00
FORT WAYNE.—Fort Wayne Aux., sup. Miss'y, Shanghai, ... 200 00
INDIANAPOLIS.—Indianapolis, 2d Ch. Aux., sup. Miss'y, Sidon, ... 125 00
KITTANNING.—Jacksonville S. S., towards sup. of scholarship, Beirût, $30; Washington Auxiliary, for work in Siam, $12, ... 42 00

LACKAWANNA. — Kingston Aux., towards sup. school at Mejdel, Syria, $30; Towanda Aux., sup. Miss'y, Corisco, $150; Wilkesharre, 1st Ch. Aux., sup. Missy., Kolapoor, $100; Memorial Aux., sup. scholarship Miss Allen's sch., Mexico, $100, $380 00

LONG ISLAND. — Southampton, Golden Rule Band, . 75 00

MORRIS AND ORANGE.—Orange Central Aux., sup. Miss'y, Chieng-Mai, . . . 200 00

NEW ALBANY.—New Albany, 2d Ch. S. S., sup. Lizzie Daniel, Mynpurie, . . 50 00

NEWARK.—Roseville S. S., sup. 2 scholarships, Sidon, $100; Maria Grier Band, sup. orphan, Sidon, $45, . 145 00

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Trenton, 3d Ch., Beatty Band, addl., for sup. of Minnie Andrews, Dehra, $10; Kirkpatrick Memorial S. S., for Miss Kuhl, *special*, $20; Pennington S. S., sup. scholarship, Sidon, $47, . . 77 00

NEW CASTLE.—Port Penn Aux., $7 20; Laharree Bd., $6, ... 13 20

NEWTON. — Kingwood Aux., $13; Phillipsburg Aux., sup. Teacher, Lahore, $100, . 113 00

PHILADELPHIA. — Walnut st. Ch., Mrs. Stidham, sup. Christina, Dehra, . . 65 00

PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL.—Arch st. Aux., $114 25; North Ch., S. S. No. 2, sup. Sarah Domingo, Dehra and Esther Baboona, Oroomiah, $22 50, ... 136 75

PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHENY COM. — Monongahela City Aux., sup. Maina, Native Teacher, Mynpurie, . . 58 00

REDSTONE.—New Salem Aux., 12 00

ROCHESTER.—Dansville Aux., sup. Miss'y, Liberia, $50; Geneseo, Mission Aid Central Ch., sup. Ayrault scholarship, Beirût, $100; Groveland Aux., sup. Maylo Li, Tungchow, $46 70, . . 196 70

ST. CLAIRSVILLE. — Short Creek Aux., sup. Missionary, Mynpurie, . . . $18 00

ST. LAWRENCE.—Watertown, 1st Ch. Aux., for scholarship, Mexico, . . . 25 00

SHENANGO.—Clarksville Aux., sup. school under Mrs. F. J. Newton, Lahore, . . 29 20

WASHINGTON. — Washington, 1st Ch. Aux., sup. Miss'y, Tabriz, $60; Cornes Band, quarterly payment on 3 scholarships, Mynpurie, $25 85 00

WOOSTER.—Hayesville Aux., sup. Miss'y, Mexico, $25; Wooster, Good Intent Band, $12 60, Helping Band, $6 15, for Miss Allen's sch., Mexico ($18 75), . . 43 75

ZANESVILLE.—Roseville Aux., $8; Zanesville, 1st and Putnam Aux., sup. Missionary, Tungchow, $76 14, . . 84 14

MISCELLANEOUS. — Mrs. C. Pierson, North Aurora, Ills., for zenana work, $1; D. J. Fleming, Xenia, O., $25; ——, *special*, Philadelphia, towards expenses of Miss'y, Gaboon, $150; Praying Circle, Good Will Ch., S. C., 85 cts.; Miss Sarah McPherson, Gettysburg, Pa., for support Miss'y, Woodstock, $100; Mrs. Robt. Cunningham, Stranraer, Scotland, $25; A Friend, Delphos, O., for Miss Allen's sch., Mexico, $10; Mrs. M. C. Thompson, Rogersville, Tenn., $20; "A small Thank-offering," $10; "C. C." Orange Junction, $1; "E. M. S.," for Woodstock, $5, . . 347 85

Total Receipts, Sept., 1875,	$2,938 38
Previously acknowledged, .	12,365 85
Balance, May 1, 1875, .	126 21
Total, ...	$15,430 44

For postage on *Woman's Work* to Missionaries, from Miss McPherson, Gettysburg, Pa., ... $10 00

MRS. J. M. FISHBURN, *Treasurer*,
1334 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 1, 1875.

Our Little Workers.

A MURATHI WOMAN.

THIS young woman lives at Kolapoor, India, and Mrs. Wilder writes of her: "She has, with her sister, been in the habit of visiting me for years, and they have read many of our best Christian books. She teaches our young queen fine needle-work. I have beautiful specimens of embroidery done by these sisters." She still has the mark of her heathen religion on her forehead, however, as you see. If she becomes a Christian, as we hope she may, she will remove this black spot. It is not necessary for any

of Jesus' followers to wear such a mark, for He can look right down into their hearts and call each one by name. Then, if we love our dear Lord and try to be like Him, others will see from our actions that we are His. This love makes us very sorry for the poor men and women and children who are kneeling before their idols, and makes it a very pleasant work for us to do our little part in sending teachers and Bibles to them.

ST. JOHN'S DAY IN BRAZIL.

Rio Claro, the city in Brazil where Miss Dascomb and Miss Kuhl live, has St. John for its patron saint, that is, they think St. John watches over that city, and is especially interested in it. Miss Kuhl writes:

"St. John's day (June 24th) was celebrated in this city. The people seem to think a great deal of their patron saint. A sweet little girl came to us in school with her eyes filled with tears, and said that some of the children were saying wicked and very untrue things about St. John. We told her she had misunderstood the children: that they meant it was wicked to pray to St. John, as they did in this city. That when St. John was on earth he prayed to Christ, and that Christ had made him pure and holy, and now he was with Him in heaven;—that Christ had the same power to forgive their sins if they prayed to Him. She opened her beautiful eyes in astonishment, but seemed to grasp the idea that Christ was greater than St. John. It is exceedingly difficult to give these children a correct idea of God, as their minds seem at once to fall back on the images in the churches that they are accustomed to worship.

"On the morning of St. John's day there were services in the afternoon, and evening balls and parties, a grand display of fireworks, and great bonfires in the streets. In many places they make great fires, and when they have burned to ashes the people walk over them barefooted, in remembrance of the tradition that St. John was boiled in hot oil. One of the Brotas Church members was accustomed to do this before he was converted."

THE SEASONS IN INDIA.

THE following is an essay written by one of the pupils in the mission school at Sabathu. You will find it as good an essay as some of those written by scholars here, and you will be able to learn something from it, if we are not mistaken:

"There are three principal seasons in India, viz.: cold, hot and rainy. 1st. The cold weather lasts from October to March. The days are short and the nights are long. Sometimes the tanks and vats are covered with thin sheets of ice. It looks like glass, but it is very cold if we touch it. Sometimes snow falls in the hills, because the water in the clouds freezes in light glistening flakes, and the air seems as though it were filled with flakes of cotton. Both old and young men amuse themselves by pelting each other with snowballs. Wheat, rye, barley and oats grow in the winter months. In this season we also have limes, oranges, apples, guavas and grapes. The best grapes and apples do not grow in India, but are brought here from Cabul.

"2d. The hot winds begin to blow in March, and the hot weather lasts until September. The days are long and the nights are short. The air is so hot that it feels as if it were blowing from a furnace. The leaves sprout from the branches, and the buds begin to open, till at last the trees are covered with green. A great many flowers also come out. In this season we have Indian corn, rice, millet, &c., and now peaches, plums, strawberries, apricots, figs, pears, &c., begin to ripen.

"3d. The rainy season begins in June, and generally closes by the middle of September. In this season we have almost constant rain. The grass looks green in all quarters, and the different sorts of flowers are often seen, because the roots receive more moisture from the earth than in any other season. In this last rainy season the rain fell very abundantly. In many places houses and bridges fell down, railroads were washed away, and in the mountains and hills there were many dreadful land-slides. Fever often prevails in this season, but God in His great wisdom has provided a fruit which is good for fever. It is the delicious mango. Potatoes come in the rainy season, also plums, and apricots, and dates.

W. P. B. M.

Northwestern Department.

PERSIA.

Miss Mary Jewett.

Seir, June 19, 1875.

. . . I have been having a very quiet resting time here so far, and I feel that my visit will do me much good. It has rained a great deal since I came, so we have been confined to the house more than we wished; but all are thankful for the rain, for it was so very much needed, and we shall not have a famine this year, I trust. . . . One day while I was at the city, I went into the Dispensary with Dr. and Mrs. Holmes. A large crowd of people troubled with various diseases waited their turn. They came in one by one, and received attention. One man had his nose nearly eaten off by something like cancer. The Doctor charged him five cents for medicine. The man dived into his ragged, dirty pockets, took out two and a half cents and laid them on the table. The Doctor gave the money back, and told him to go and get the full amount. He went, and returned with four and three-quarter cents. The Doctor gave this back; the man then contrived to give the five cents, and received his medicine. This is one instance of many to show the degraded, mean character of most of these people. It is like pulling teeth to get a little money from them, but they are always very willing to receive money from us. We are very firm and upright and straightforward in our dealings with them; when we once say a thing, we do it, and they learn that we mean what we say.

Last Monday, up here at Seir, the missionaries entertained the Prince. He is not the heir apparent to the throne, but one of the royal family. He sent word to the mission that he would like to pay them a visit; as the mission feel it is well to be on friendly

terms with him, they consented to have him come, although it makes a great deal of trouble and some expense. They arranged one of the large rooms just as nicely as they could, with pictures, flowers, &c. The ladies superintended the preparation of a dinner. As he came into the dining-room, he was introduced to the ladies. He had with him his three young sons, a brother and another man who had travelled in Europe, and knows a little English. After dinner we all assembled in the reception room and had a very pleasant visit. Tea, cakes and ice cream were passed. The Prince is a very common-looking man, and a bigoted Mussulman.

Last Sabbath I went with Mrs. Cochran and Mr. Whipple to a village not far from Seir. We took with us a man who should preach to the people in Turkish. These people are nearly all Mussulmans. We sat down in the room where we were received, and waited a little while until about twenty men and as many women gathered, nearly all Mussulmans. The Nestorian deacon preached. Then when he had finished, all the men went out, and the women gathered around me, and I talked to them. All the time both men and women paid the most respectful attention to what was said. . . . I do not feel as though I am wasting my time, for I am helping Dr. Holmes with his Turkish, and resting, laying up strength for hard work when I get back to Tabreez. The Doctor is out now walking all about Seir, making the people clean up their dirty places and filthy streets, to see if he can prevent sickness this year.

BRAZIL.

CAMPINAS, August 19, 1875.

DEAR MRS. K.:—Persistently I keep dropping letters for the great Northwest, and listen eagerly for the echo, but no word comes back from the vasty deep (so to speak), and I only catch, through *Woman's Work*, the distant patter of money falling into the coffers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Do you think so one-sided an institution can prosper? Wouldn't it be nice for somebody somewhere to write me? Our examinations passed off finely. The children were animated, though frightened

at what was to many a first appearance "in public on the stage." The rooms were gayly festooned. American and Brazilian flags showed our patriotism; the music was frequent, and sometimes very beautiful, and we were abundantly congratulated on all sides.

A few days of rest and hurried preparation, and then came the meeting of the Rio de Janeiro Presbytery, and for a week our days were full of eager, deep and varied interest. The preaching services in the evenings were well attended by the people of the city, who have no fear and much curiosity. In remembering how rapidly solemn impressions often pass from the minds of those religiously educated, I trembled to think how these impressive scenes would be swiftly obliterated from the thoughts of that irreligious audience, who on every side find the world with its cares and pleasures. God help them!

Now Miss Kuhl and I are enjoying superlatively our vacation, and hope to do all the better work, when we return, for the change. . . .

MARY P. DASCOMB,
S. Joao do Rio Claro, Prov. de S. Paulo, Brazil.

Here is the full address. Who will write? The same request comes from *all* our missionaries.

WISCONSIN.—Odanah.

MISS S. A. DOUGHERTY.

WHAT a precious love that is of our Saviour Jesus, which makes of far-off strangers loving sisters and brothers, who for the Master's sake write us cheering, soul-strengthening words. It is not strange that it is so, for we are one with Him, the same in aim and tender love, whether He has bidden us work at home or go to the field,—both are in His vineyard. A missionary is nothing more than a Christian, and a Christian should be nothing less than a missionary; the places only are different. Just as the faith of some of our band began to grow weak (faith in the people, not in God, and we could not stop praying), God Himself

took up our burdens, graciously answering our prayers by bringing those to Christ who, we had little hope, ever gave the subject a thought. And now the village and woods ring with the joyful hymns of the company of zealous, happy Christians, and the "trees clap their hands" as the mighty psalms of praise to God well up from the humble camps in the sugar bush, and the subdued, trusting prayer of faith bursts from the lips of those long accustomed to the fearful yells and muttered chants of the Mē tā wā. May He graciously continue His presence, though the heathen rage and take counsel together against the Lord!

Some of the converts taste the blessedness of suffering for righteousness' sake, but He has given them strength to stand and not to faint. One who joined with us at our last communion, having formerly been one of the leaders in the heathen ceremonies, has been sadly beset by Satan in the persons of his friends. A few weeks ago God saw fit to take home a little boy, whom he had left playing as usual in the morning. He died very suddenly, and this was a signal for a fierce onslaught of Satan. The friends crowded around the sorrowing wife, trying to persuade her that it was a judgment of the Spirit because her husband had left the Indian religion, and so wrought upon her, that she let them do as they pleased, even, with indecent haste, to bury the child with heathen ceremonies, before the father could get home. In speaking of it in one of the meetings, at which some of these same relatives were present, he said he felt that it was God who had taken the soul and life of his loved boy, and he could trust him in a loving Father's hand. When he came home, and found that his earthly friends had stolen all that was left of his child, and hidden it away from his sight, at first his feeling was of fierce anger, and a few months ago he would have committed a fearful crime, but the voice of God was in his heart. Christians came to comfort him, and he felt that he could forgive his enemies, and pray for them, that they might know the dear Saviour who so comforted him and made him even happy. The heathen were much excited against the Christians, but God is turning their wrath to His glory. . . .

Home Work.

THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH.

THE COMING AND COMMON DANGER. BY MRS. JOSEPH W. SANDERSON.

Oh, why is it that Christians are so indifferent to the spread of Romanism, allowing fanaticism to take the place of faith? A moment's reflection will show us that while avowedly serving in that Name which we hold above all others, they really dishonor it by placing Christ's name and Christ's office as mediator on a level with that of men and women, good and pure, indeed, but no better than each one of us can be.

Servants of God, why stand we idle while Romanists are ceaselessly at their labor of proselyting, achieving a fatal success, because their system appeals palpably to the senses and panders to self? It is so much easier for the spiritually lazy or weak to put their trust in princes than to have faith in the living God—in His sure justice and man's personal responsibility; easier to put the conscience entirely into the care of another, *divinely authorized* (?), than to have it troubling one's own soul, suggesting this and that act as in accordance with God's will and favor; easier to be forced to obey in one or two particulars, and allowed to follow the desires in all others, than to be assured that there is one law of sin and death, and one way of pardon; or much easier to buy a substitute than to endure one's self the continual war in the members; easier to walk the flowery than the thorny path, when, at last, money can insure an entrance into heaven.

Where is reason? Content with sophistry rather than search the Scriptures, and the soul's cries are easily stifled. That soul which Christ has purchased at a most precious price, may, if it will, sell itself anew for a confidence without foundation, for an ease that is transient, little reflecting that the condemnation will be as sure and as hard to bear, though only it was led astray.

O, Christian woman, *rate your faith at its true value*, holding

Christ as all in all, or nothing. Know that they who seek God by any other than the appointed way, wander disobedient; that they who honor not Christ in all His attributes of love and mercy and wonderful nearness, as in power and exaltation, hold fear—not faith—that such blinding themselves willfully are beyond peradventure condemned. When you fully realize this, it must be your constant endeavor to enlighten the foolish, to strengthen the weak, and recall the erring, even as you would raise the voice to warn, or put forth the hand to draw back the blind man from the mouth of the pit.

Live your faith, that your children may see how precious it is, and desire it, that all may see the power that worketh in you, and know that it is of God; may learn that all joy and peace and eternal surety are to be had "without money and without price," if only they are accepted from Christ Himself.

THE JOY THAT MAY BE YOURS.

BY JUNIATA.

If sometime into your weak hand 'twere given
To loose a captive's chain;
If, at your touch, the fetters strong were riven
That bound with cruel pain,
And one who had in vain for freedom striven,
Through you the boon should gain:

If to some woful prison, dark and dreary,
Your hand had found the key;
If those who languished there, while life grew weary,
Your pitying eyes could see,
And you let in the sunshine bright and cheery,
And set the prisoner free:

If to some parching lip, by fever parted,
A healing draught you gave;
If waning life had thus fresh pulses started,
That kept it from the grave,
And brought it back, stronger and gladder-hearted,
For earnest work and brave:

If some such mission, with such rich return,
Were kindly granted you,
Would not your very heart within you burn
With gladness strong and true?
Would not the Song of Life fresh sweetness learn,
And tuneful echoes new?

Not to such helpful earth-life ministration,
May you indeed be called;
No captive by your touch or dispensation,
May straight be disenthralled,
Nor may you help and heal when desperation
Shrinks back from death appalled;

But ah, the souls in sadder bondage dwelling,
Hark! they appeal to thee;
Each breeze the burden of their woe is telling;
Oh, that they might be free!
Your heart with grief is o'er their prison swelling,
But lo! you hold the key!

Oh, take or send it!—keep not back the treasure!
"The truth shall make them free;"
The "healing leaves" the nation's need can measure:
Sickness of soul shall flee;
And of the fullness of transcendent pleasure,
Thy Lord shall give to thee!

BE YE CHEERFUL.

A Word to our Dear Missionaries.

I have been reading to-day a long and very doleful account from a far-off land. The writer takes dark views; thinks nothing is being accomplished; that the people have no desire for the word of life; thus dwelling on the difficulties and discouragements till they rise up like a gloomy cloud, shutting out all the sun shine.

All missionaries at times are tempted to similar states of mind. Indeed, we know the faith of the mightiest prophets was often eclipsed by doubts and fears, and the bold missionary Isaiah him-

self sorrowfully exclaims, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

The effect of this kind of depression is very demoralizing, and weakens the heart, which should be ever stayed on God and kept in perfect peace. Dear friend, when you grow near-sighted by looking down, lift up your eyes to the hills, from whence cometh your help. Remember *whose* this work is, *who* loves it better than you, and has invested the most in it. Remember that "underneath are the everlasting arms," and *lean hard*. Lean hard for yourself; lean hard for your work. Those souls for whose salvation you yearn with yearnings unspeakable, till the burden seems greater than you can bear,—remember *who* died for them. When your prayers seem unanswered, remember *whose honor* is involved in the unredeemed note you present at heaven's bank.

"And know by this token,
No word He hath spoken
Hath ever been broken."

Have faith in God. Wait on the Lord. Not only "wait," but "wait *on the Lord!*" Fall back on the promises. Miss Fiske used to talk about pulling the string of prayer. It bears a heavy strain. Have faith, not in *your* planting exactly, but in the *seed*. It has a divine vitality. It may be buried in the ground, but it must germinate. "My word shall not return unto me void," says God.

When I look back now over my own years of missionary life, I am ready to "believe all things." I have seen the seed, buried for years, and apparently dead, spring up to sudden life. I have seen broken reeds grow strong; denying Peters reclaimed; doubting Thomases assured in the faith of the crucified and risen Christ; weak, ignorant Nestorians standing strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, till those I have taught, taught me, an humble learner in the mysteries of this all-conquering grace. I have seen in new converts, just born from heathen darkness, such love, tenderness of conscience, hatred of sin, newness of life, that I could only exclaim, "This is the Lord's doing,

it is marvellous in our eyes;" and I have stood by Persian death-beds, radiant with celestial glory. What are all possible toils compared with one such result? There is no work like this —no rewards more assured. The seed brings fruit an hundred fold. Rejoice, O ye whose work it is to scatter these life-giving seeds. Fear not for the harvest. Though ye who sow may never reap, yet be ye cheerful!

SARAH J. RHEA.

While dear Mrs. Rhea was penning these words of cheer in her quiet resting-place in Tennessee, our beloved sister, away off in India, was thrilled by the same thoughts, as if the hearts of each had vibrated in a single moment to the same key-note. Who can talk or think discouragingly, with such testimony from those who have had such large experience in the midst of the darkness and false religions of heathen lands!

. . . "You can see how possible it is to build up these girls into a grand, noble womanhood. I have thought that I loved teaching at home, but never in all my life has any work taken hold of me, absorbing my mind and soul and strength, like this; and I only wish I were stronger and better fitted for it. During the year just passed, seven of the girls confessed Christ and united with the church. One this year has been married; and the other day I received an excellent letter from the pastor to whose village she has gone. He spoke in the highest terms of her Christian character, and the manner in which she is settling down to her new life. These are some of the pleasant things, which alone would reward us a hundred fold, if this were all."

INDIA.

MISS POAGE, who, as all will remember, sailed recently with a party of missionaries for Persia, writes from London: "I beg earnestly that you pray fervently for us."

"THEREFORE they that were scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the word."

NEW AUXILIARIES.

California, Mich.
Kasson, Minn.
Stone Bank, Wis.
Beaver Dam, Wis., S. S. Band.
Des Moines, Iowa, Dougherty Circle.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Millie Barr,
Mrs. J. H. Esterbrook,
Miss Carrie T. Fisher,
Mrs. C. Goodell,
Mrs. C. W. Hawley,
Mrs. Mary F. Holbrook,
Mrs. F. C. King,
Mrs. Willis Lord,
Mrs. E. Louise Nicholson,
Miss Belle Stevenson,
Miss Isabella Wright,

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, for September, 1875.

Franklin, Ind., W. M. S., for Mrs. Dr. Warren,	$25 00
Fond du Lac, Wis., W. M. S.,	26 00
Joliet, Ill., W. M. S., for schools in Persia,	25 00
Fillmore, Minn., Pres Ch.,	1 50
Chicago, 1st Ch., for Miss Morrison,	13 00
Saline, Mich., W. M. S., for Tabreez, Persia,	25 00
Ypsilanti, Mich., W. M. S., paid to Miss J. Dean to apply on salary,	25 00
Chicago, 8th Ch., for sup. of Dahrm Rani, Mynpuri, India,	25 00
La Porte, Ind., Miss. Circle, for sup. Mrs. Dr. Warren,	22 00
La Porte, Ind., W. M. S., for Mrs. Dr. Warren, India,	7 10
Lansing, Iowa, Valley Gleaners, for sup. of girls' school at Ardastria, Persia, $9 48; W. M. S., for same, $4 45,	13 93
Franklin, Ind., for Mrs. Dr. Warren, India,	25 00
Bement, Ill., Societies of Pres. Ch.,	23 25
Beloit, Wis., 1st Ch., for sup. of village schools in Persia,	30 00
Coldwater, Mich., Girls Miss. Band, Cheerful Givers, for sup. of Grace Patterson, Dehra Doon,	50 00
Hyde Park, Ill., The Reapers, for boys' school in Karasanloo and Keal, Persia,	$23 00
Miss V. Sheldon,	5 00
Elvaston, Ill., W. M. S., for Tabreez, Persia,	55 75
Hopewell, Ind.,	25 00
Chicago, Ill., 1st Ch., for Miss Morrison's salary,	60 70
Ann Arbor, Mich., W. M. S., for sup. of Mrs. Thomson, Zacatecas, Mexico,	40 00
Monroe, Mich., Young Ladies, Miss. Band, for support of Koma, wife of Deacon Eli of Salmes, Persia,	50 00
Des Moines, Iowa, W. M. S., 1st Ch., $19; W. I. Gill Band, $21; W. M. S., Central Ch., $32,	72 00
Hyde Park, Mr. Olmstead's S. S. Class, for boys' school at Dizza Chebosh, Persia,	10 00
Denver, Col., W. M. Societies, for Mrs. Robertson of the Creek Mission, *special*,	100 00
Lake Forest, Ill., W. M. S.,	201 00
Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 2d Ch., W. M. S., for Miss Jewett's gatekeeper,	18 00
Saginaw, Mich., W. M. S., for Mrs. Coan's salary,	151 20
Logansport, Ind., Aux. Soc.,	25 00
A Friend of Missions,	1 50
	$1174 93

Chicago, October 1, 1875.

Mrs. Jesse Whitehead, *Treasurer*,
223 Michigan Avenue.

Rays of Light

FOR THE YOUNGER ONES.

Our Working Band.

On the 6th of January, 1872, three or four girls met at the house of our pastor, desiring to organize a missionary society. We decided to give a general invitation for the following Saturday. We then elected our officers: President, Vice-President, and Treasurer, and charged ten cents membership fee. We met once in two weeks. For our first work, an afghan, we received $1. With this and our membership fees we bought material and made other articles, selling as we could, thereby adding to our store. In the fall, we placed what we had on exhibition and sale at the county fair. At the end of the year we had $29 in our treasury, $3.30 of which was donated. Our membership had increased from sixteen to thirty-five. In the early part of 1873, having elected our officers, the Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society wrote to Mrs. De Heer, in Africa, concerning a child to support. After many weeks, Mrs. De Heer wrote, describing a child named N'gapimba. She was about ten years old, of Alongo Station, Corisco Island, Africa. We accepted her, and in April forwarded the $20 for her support. We still continued to make up articles, sometimes carrying them in baskets from house to house. At Christmas we had a sale in the church, and found ourselves at the end of the year with another $20 for our little African girl. The next New Year, 1874, we added a Secretary to our list of officers. In June we received a letter from Mrs. De Heer, asking us to give N'gapimba an English name, and saying she had sent us a box of shells gathered by the children on the sea shore. In three weeks we received them, and were greatly delighted. In return we sent a box to them, valued at about $17, containing candy, dolls, and other little things which they do not have in Africa, besides a dress for N'gapimba, and gave her the name of Hattie Vaughn. We were so delighted

with this box and the articles which it contained, that we went to work with more energy and new resolutions; and about the close of the year, just a few evenings before Christmas, we had a missionary tree loaded with the fruits of our year's labor. It was a pleasant evening, and great were the calculations we made as we counted over our money after the company had departed. This was a large sum, about $52. What we do seems but little, but we trust God will be with us; and may we keep increasing until we shall do great good!

ADA E. JACKSON.

MARION, LINN COUNTY, IOWA.

There are so many practical hints in the above interesting narrative from the dear young workers in Marion, that we trust many who have started out in the same path are asking, "What can we do?" may receive instruction and encouragement. Earnest hearts and willing hands cannot fail to accomplish much good.

THE following is an interesting account of the child in Dehra, India, supported by the Society at Woodhull, Illinois:

. . . "I suppose you are waiting to hear of Julia. I haven't much to tell. She is a nice, bright, happy child, from morning till night brimming over with mischief and fun. She is beginning to learn, but is so small that I don't feel like hurrying her much. She is learning the order and discipline of school; she is surrounded by Christian influence and example; she is learning to sing and to pray, and the hope is for her a noble womanhood. She being an orphan, this will be her home until she shall go out of it for a home of her own, if she lives so long. Next year she will begin to learn to write, and I hope she will some day be able to write for herself. In the meantime you will hear now and then, as we can manage it. I hope you will manifest your interest in the child by writing her, and as fast as she is capable of comprehending her relations to you, she may be made to understand and appreciate what you are doing for her." . . .

CHILDREN'S WORK FOR CHILDREN.

"Over half a million children in our Presbyterian Sunday-schools."

So says one who knows. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society wishes to speak to these hundreds of thousands of children; not through their elders, parents, teachers, or superintendents, but directly, plainly, to the boys and girls themselves. We have been talking to them a little from time to time in the magazine, "WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN," but we are not satisfied with this. We want to come a great deal nearer to these young workers of ours. We want to attract and charm them, so that they will, one and all, invite us to come, listen to us gladly, take us to their hearts, and love the work which we will bring to them and put into their hands to do for the dear Saviour who calls them to be His children and to work for Him. We want them to feel in time that they cannot do without us any more than we can do without them.

How are we going to do this? Ah, that is just the good thing that we come now to tell you in this circular. We are going to publish a magazine on purpose for you young people. Not a paper or a tract, but a real *magazine;* to talk to you of the children in far-distant lands,—of their life, their amusements, their homes, their worship, and their need of just such help and blessing as you can bring to them by your efforts here in your own Sunday-school and your own home. We shall give you pictures to illustrate these things, and shall tell you just how you can reach out your hands and give them the Bible which makes your home so sweet to you.

This magazine will be called

"Children's Work for Children."

It is for boys as well as for girls, and we shall tell you many things about those strange lands and nations of which you know so little. We do not mean to *give* you this magazine, children, for two rea-

sons One is, that if we did this, we could not afford to publish it long, for it would be a losing business all the time, so far as paying printers' bills would be concerned; and we act on the principle of never getting into debt for anything. The other reason is, that we think you will value it much more if you pay a little for it. You can almost all of you raise 40 or 50 cents a year to bring this visitor to you every month, with your name written upon it; and when it once comes, and you see how pretty it looks, and how it helps you to work for the dear Lord Jesus, you will never let the 40 or 50 cents be wanting.

Now, how many of you will ask this little messenger to come to you once a month, with its pictures and poetry, and its words of encouragement and help, in doing your part towards sending your blessed Bible to children away off in those dark lands? Let us have your names, your address, your subscription, and we will thus visit you. We do not think you will be sorry if you invite us; and we think you will like us well enough to treat us very kindly and carefully, and ask us to come again. We should like, at the close of the year, to step into a nice solid binding, to go upon your book-shelves, and have a place there always. Shall we not?

One thing more we want to ask of you, dear children. Will not each one of you, after you have read this circular, or have heard it read, just go by yourselves a minute, and ask the Lord Jesus to bless this little magazine from the very beginning, as it goes forth to speak for Him? Far more than all else, we want His blessing on this work of CHILDREN FOR CHILDREN—and we shall have it if we ask for it.

CHILDREN'S WORK FOR CHILDREN.

A New Monthly Magazine.

Subscription price (including postage), in advance, 50 cents. To those subscribing before July, 1876, in clubs of ten or more, 40 cents.

One copy each *Woman's Work for Woman* and *Children's Work for Children*, $1.00.

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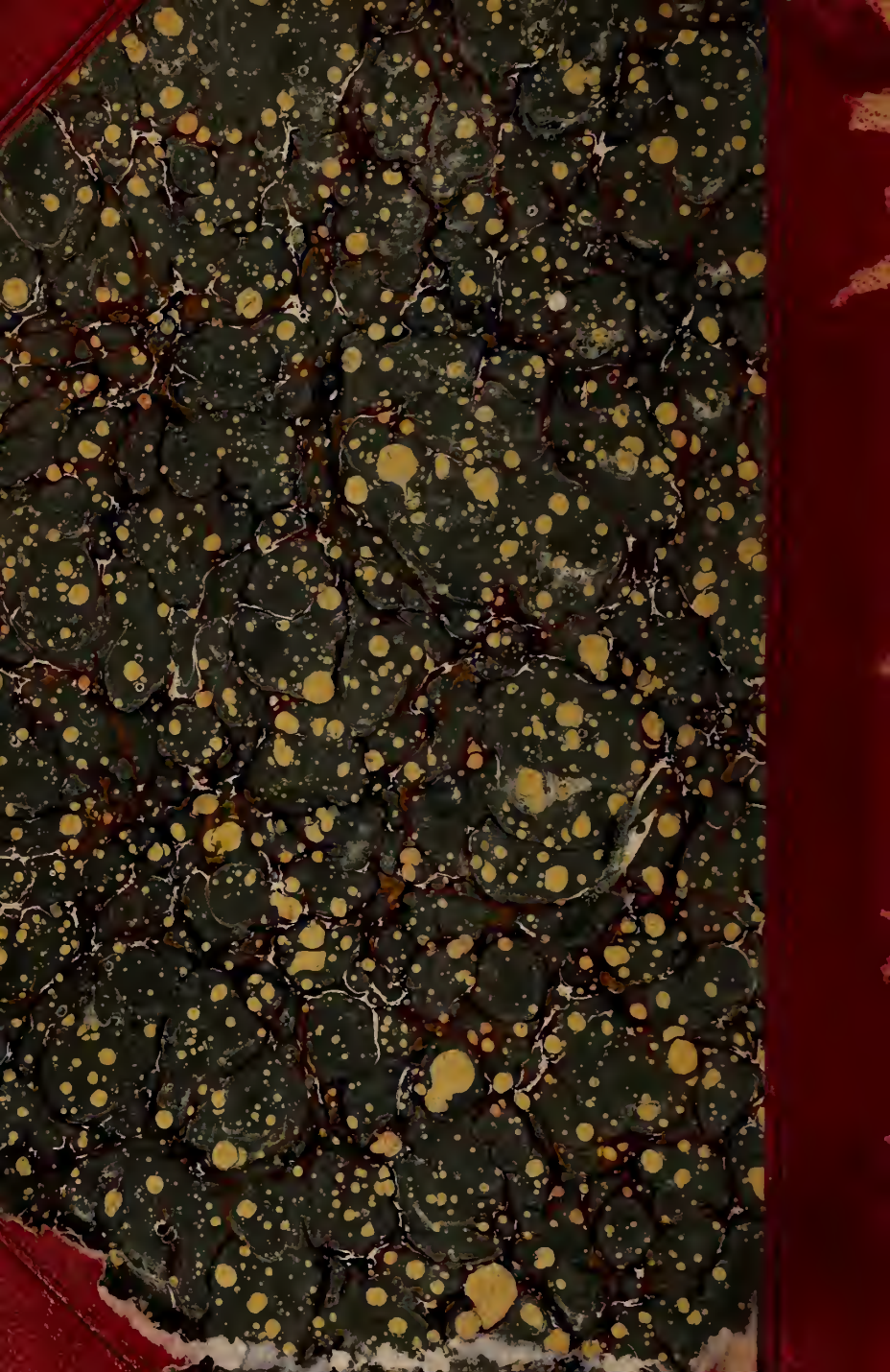
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